

CUT TO: Lucys bedroom - Lucy is punching her punching bag again, very focused on what she's doing. we can hear crossing jordan softly this time because she is listening to it through earphones. Lucy is punching the bag with her back facing the door. Nixie walks in and sees her

Nixie: (smiles) Lucy

(Lucy continues punching, she doesn't realise Nixie is there)

Nixie: (shuts the door) hey (touches Lucys shoulder) Lucy

(Lucy hits the punching bag twice then turns around and punches Nixie right in the face. Nixie knocks into the wall)

Nixie: ooooooh

Lucy: (kneels down, muffled scream) mmm (spits the mouth guard out on the floor {again, gross!} (sucks saliva back) oh god (takes out the earphones) Nixie I'm so sorry (wipes her mouth with her arm) are you ok (Nixie holds his jaw) I was in a rage black out my therapist told me that boxing might help me work through it

Nixie: (frowns, still holding his jaw) I came over to see uh if you were ok after the other night

Lucy: I'm in gym clothes an my hair is in French braids (points) so I'm terrible (sighs) Cohen an I are on time out

Nixie: (lets go of his jaw) oh

Lucy: he went off to Miami to I'm sure party it up like he always does this time'a year when we're on a time out

Nixie: well are you to full'a rage ta hang out...maybe come over for dinner

Lucy: (closes her eyes) no offence Nixie but hanging with your family (opens her eyes, shakes her head) couldn't sound worse

Nixie: oh no I totally understand, um, there in Aspen for an economics conference (smiles)

Lucy: (relieved) ah

Nixie: come on, ill cook, Italian (smiles) Francesca gave me a great recipe (Lucy smiles at him)